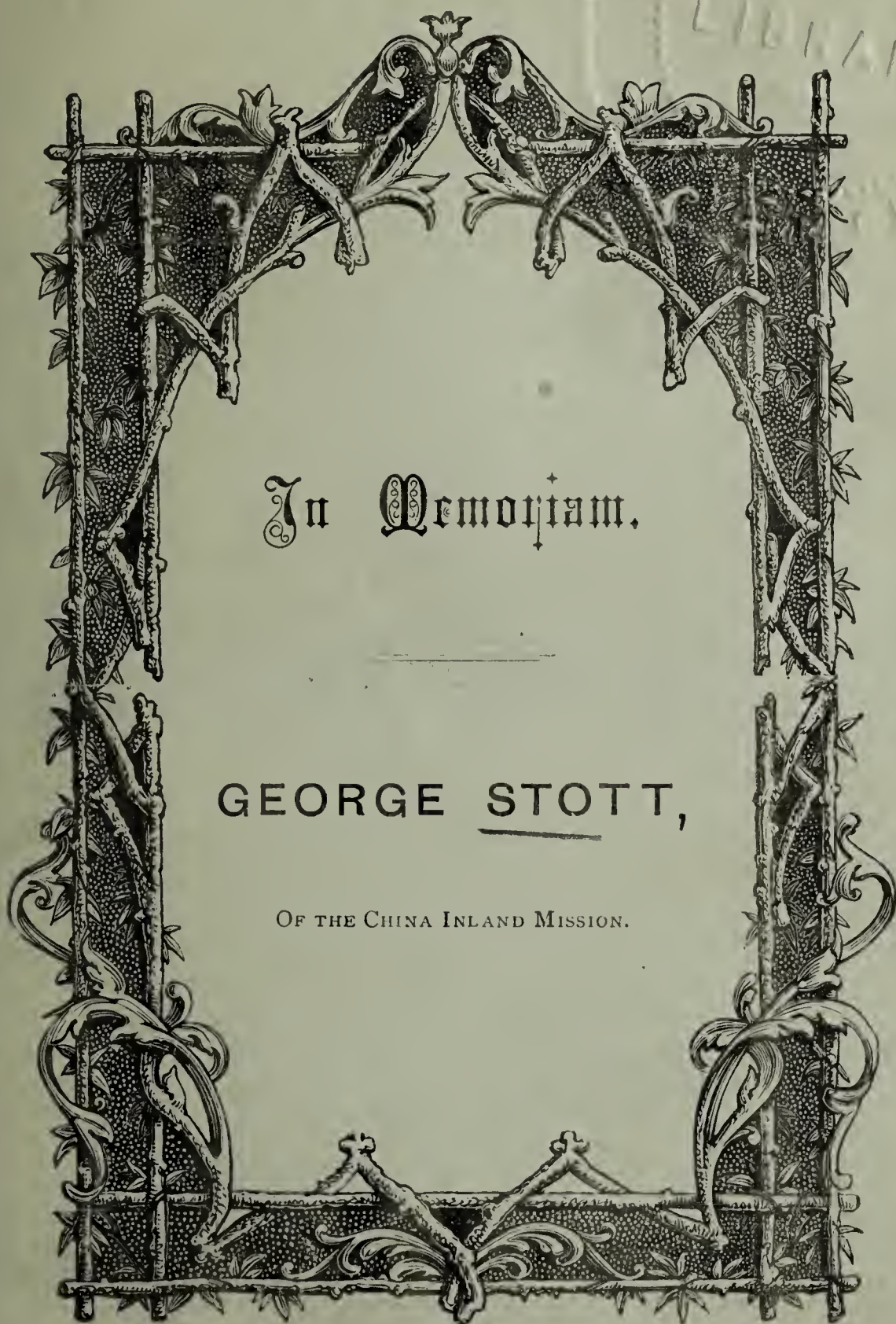


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In Memoriam.

GEORGE STOTT,

OF THE CHINA INLAND MISSION.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

LONDON: MORGAN & SCOTT, 12, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS.



# GEORGE STOTT.

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## In Memoriam.

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THE following brief telegram from Cannes was received at the Mission House, London, on the morning of Easter Sunday :—

*"Dear Stott died triumphantly this morning."*

The telegram was speedily followed by deeply interesting letters from Mr. Cheyne Brady, Mr. W. T. Berger, and Mr. H. Webber. The testimonies borne by these, and by Mrs. Henry Reed and Miss Reed, and others who visited Mr. Stott during his illness, were strikingly beautiful. Such honour have not all His saints.

Mr. Berger wrote as follows :—

Villa Talbot, Cannes.

*April 23rd, 1889.*

DEAR MR. BROOMHALL,

Who can estimate the issue of a single grain of wheat falling into the ground and dying? Many lives will surely spring up therefrom, and in consequence thereof.



It has pleased God to take to Himself His faithful servant George Stott, late of Wun-chau, China, than whom it would be difficult to find one more devoted and stedfast in prosecuting the work he believed the Lord had given him to do.

We committed his remains to the tomb yesterday afternoon to await the voice of the Son of GOD calling those who shall hear it (His sleeping saints) to come forth from their graves, that they, with the changed living ones, may together ascend to meet and be with the LORD for ever.

We have reason to believe that Mr. Stott's twenty-three years' labour in China has been greatly owned and blessed, he having left in existence in Wun-chau and its neighbourhood (where, if I mistake not, no foreign missionary had previously laboured) three native Churches, numbering in all about 300 members, besides as many attendants, to say nothing of the schools he inaugurated.

You will pardon my entering thus into details when I tell you that I made Mr. Stott's acquaintance prior to his going to China in the year 1865, he being one of the five who went out when the China Inland Mission was but in its incipient state.

His works do follow him !

In thus writing we do not glory in George Stott, but in the LORD, who wrought the works by His servant.

Of his devoted wife I must abstain from writing, but ask that much prayer may ascend to GOD on her behalf. Her heart seems set on returning to China to carry on the work she left, as far as it may be in her power to do so. After twenty-three years' correspondence with Mr. and Mrs. Stott, I look back with the most pleasing remembrance of the same, and rejoice if, in any measure, I can be considered as having had partnership in their labours.

I remain, dear Mr. Broomhall,

Faithfully yours,

W. T. BERGER.

MR. WEBBER, whose privilege it was to be with Mr. Stott during the last few hours of his life, has recorded his experience in a letter of surpassing interest.

As we read his letter we may feel ourselves present in the hallowed chamber, and eye-witnesses of that solemn scene of human suffering and glorious victory.

The telegram said truly that our beloved brother "died triumphantly."

The following is Mr. Webber's letter:—

Maison Blanche,

Route de Grasse, Cannes.

*April 23rd, 1889.*

DEAR MR. BROOMHALL,

It was my privilege to be with our dear departed brother, Mr. Stott, during his last night on earth, and a few particulars of the closing scene will, I know, be acceptable to you. Slowly, during many weeks of pain, the earthly house of this tabernacle was being dissolved, and on Saturday evening, about 9.30, one of the sisters came over to say that his sufferings had become more intense, and the end seemed approaching.

I was in the act of reading in the Christian classic, "De Incarnatione Verbi Dei," the account, by Athanasius, of the triumphs of the early Christians and martyrs over death, due to their LORD and MASTER, who, by His Cross and Resurrection, had vanquished death, so that they no longer feared but despised it.

"For," says he, "as when the sun rises after the night has passed, and the whole globe is illuminated by it, it is not at all doubtful that it is the sun which has shed its light everywhere, and has driven away

the darkness and enlightened all things ; so death being utterly despised and trampled down from the time when the SAVIOUR'S saving appearance in the body and end upon the Cross took place, it is perfectly clear that it is the SAVIOUR Himself, who appeared in the body, who brought death to naught, and daily exhibits trophies against it in His own disciples.

"For when one sees men, who are by nature weak, leaping forth to death and not cowering before its corruption, nor displaying fear at the descent into Hades, but with zealous soul provoking it, and not shrinking from tortures, but for CHRIST'S sake preferring rather than this present life to rush upon death ; or, too, if one be a beholder of men and women and young children rushing upon and leaping forth to death for the religion of CHRIST ; who is so simple, or who is so unbelieving, or who is so incapacitated in mind, as not to perceive and draw the conclusion that CHRIST to whom the men bear witness Himself bestows and gives to each the victory over death, rendering it utterly weak in each of those who hold His faith and bear the sign of the Cross ?"

It was thus, I thought, sixteen hundred years ago, but how many times, in common with all Christian workers in this land, I have heard the popular dictum, "Le Christianisme a fait son temps," "Christianity has had its day," "It is used out" ? And as I went forth to witness for the first time a death-bed scene, this thought was uppermost, "Will it ratify the affirmation of Athanasius, and show that after sixteen centuries the virtue of the Cross and Resurrection is in no degree diminished ?"

Entering the chamber, I saw our dear brother sitting up in the arm-chair, supported by his dear wife and one of the nursing sisters. It was one of the distressing features of his illness that he was unable to lie down, and all these weary weeks of pain had been passed sitting, with no



possibility of supporting the poor head or giving the body relief, only by occasionally leaning forward.

The strong man was bowed, and poor nature was in a pitiable plight. The props of the tent were being taken away, and the suppressed groans of the sufferer told of the silver cord being loosed and the links being broken which bound the spirit to the earthly tenement.

When he knew I was present, he expressed a decided wish that I would stay with him, which I was only too glad to do ; and as I look back on that night, I feel that not for any consideration would I have missed that scene of suffering and of holy triumph. Never before did I know how truly death is a vanquished enemy, its empire overthrown, and its sceptre destroyed.

During eight hours we witnessed the King of Terrors doing his worst. The combat was a fierce one ; blow after blow was dealt, strong pains were tearing at the vitals ; the anguish of dissolution was there, but not for one moment did the spirit falter. With every moment's respite from pain he collected his little strength to give forth some word of testimony that the LORD was near, and doubt and fear far away. "It is only the poor body that is suffering," he said ; "the soul is happy." Early in the evening he said, "I bless GOD that thirty years ago He washed me from my sins in His precious blood, and now the sun is shining without a cloud." And thus, with unfaltering faith and unwavering hope, he went down into the valley of the shadow.

Before leaving my house it came to my mind to glance at the portion for the evening in "Daily Light," and there indeed was a highway "cast up." Beautifully and blessedly appropriate it was, beginning with the words, "It is I ; be not afraid. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee ; and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee ; when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned ; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the LORD thy GOD . . . thy SAVIOUR.

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.” “Who shall separate us from the love of CHRIST ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword ?” I took it with me that dear Mr. Stott might have a word, “like apples of gold in pictures of silver.”

In this “royal road” we saw him advance, treading down with triumphant faith the powers of sin and death and hell. The word he repeated the most was, “Come, LORD JESUS, come *now*, come *now*,” often reaching out his arms to welcome the LORD, whom he felt was indeed drawing near. Once or twice, in moments of extreme pain, his cry went up, “O LORD, help me ; LORD, have mercy upon me.” The LORD heard him in the day of his distress, and strengthened him in the dire conflict. We sought to supply stones for his steps as he forded the dark stream. Words of life came spontaneously to our lips, and it was grand to see how his faith appropriated them. When his dear wife reminded him that he would soon hear the MASTER’S “Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy LORD,” his soul seemed to revel in the thought. “Enter thou—into the joy of thy LORD—of thy LORD,” he repeated again and again ; then turning it into a prayer, and stretching out his hands, he said, “Let me enter now—enter now—into the joy of my LORD—the joy of my LORD.”

He had feared lest in his weakness and suffering some impatient word should escape him, and he should thus dishonour his LORD. He had begged his dear wife to put it down to nature’s weakness, but her prediction was verified, the LORD’S grace was all-sufficient, no murmuring or impatient word passed his lips, while his deep gratitude and affection for the smallest service rendered him were touching and beautiful to see, and every one felt it a privilege to wait upon him.

And thus the hours passed—he fighting the last battle,



his dear wife, worn with many watchings, wearied out physically, but wonderfully supported in spirit, with words of faith and hope cheering him as he breasted the billows, and watching for his release. Prayers from many loving hearts in England, China, and France were being answered that night. There could be no doubt about it. And the word the memory of that scene calls up spontaneously to my mind is "Mahanaim," for that chamber of death was then the *rendezvous* of the hosts of God.

It was six in the morning ; nature outside was awaking in the first fresh joy of morning. The sun had risen in a sky of cloudless blue. The birds were singing their morning song just outside the slightly opened window, while the carillon of the Easter bells came sounding joyously through the air. Within we were standing on the borderland, close by the gates which were opening to another who, having fought the good fight through CHRIST, was more than conqueror.

The change had come, the contracted features and glazing eye told that the last struggle was entered on. A hurried "He is going," escaped us. I did not expect to hear him speak again, and as consciousness seemed fading, I said, "The MASTER *is* come and calleth for thee." He took it in, and to my surprise, with a last effort said, "Then lift me up, that I may give another note of praise." Putting my arms around him, I drew him gently forward. Then as fast as his poor breath came he turned it into praise. "Praise the LORD, bless His Holy Name," he repeated again and again. It was wonderful to listen to, and I could not help saying to the dear companion of his life and labours, who on her knees, with only half-suppressed cries from the pangs which were rending her own heart, was holding his hands and watching the shadows of death as they passed over his face, "This is a precious legacy he is leaving you." They were like words of triumph coming out of the very realms of death.

"Do you know me, precious one?" she asked. "Know

you, Gracie? It would be strange if I didn't know you," was the reply. Then with a strength that surprised me, he added, "We have rallied together around that dish of fruit"—one of their last conversations had been about the fruit of the Tree of Life—"many a time, and the KING in His beauty was there. Farewell, Gracie. Don't speak to me again; I am going in to see the KING."

Those were hallowed moments. Sœur Achard, the directress, and another of the sisters had joined us. Most tenderly and faithfully had they done "what they could" for him. M. Louis, the man-servant, was helping me to support him, while before him, kneeling, was she from whom the desire of her eyes was being taken. Our tears were flowing fast, though we hardly knew why. He was looking on things which to us were invisible, and hearing sounds our dull ears could not catch. We could hear him say in a low whisper, "Come, LORD JESUS—LORD, take my spirit;" then he said, "Coming, coming—come."

Come! With these last words our beloved brother, George Stott, went in to see the KING in His beauty, on Easter morning, at half-past six. Nature's pent-up grief broke forth in brief cries and sobs, but they were happy tears. "I don't mourn for him," said his dear wife. "I mourn for myself. He is happy. He is at rest now." And so we knelt together to praise Him who had given us that night to see that death has no sting, and the grave no victory. "As, then," says Athanasius, "it is possible to see with the eyes that these things are true, so when death is mocked and despised by the believers in CHRIST, let him no longer doubt, let no one be wanting in faith, that by CHRIST death was brought to naught, and its corruption destroyed and put an end to." Having seen with our eyes, we set the seal of truth to this testimony.

We buried him yesterday, in the Cannes cemetery. The Rev. P. W. Minto conducted the service. A number of Christian friends were present. All who knew him loved

him as a true man of GOD, and a faithful servant of CHRIST. Among those present was Mr. W. T. Berger, his life-long friend, from whose house, twenty-four years ago, he had started for the scene of his life's labour in distant China. In a few brief but beautifully appropriate words, Mr. Berger spoke of the zeal and love which had animated him in his work for CHRIST. He addressed words of loving sympathy and consolation to the widow, and reminded us all that for each of us the day was hastening to its close, and that we should work ere the night cometh.

Then we laid him to rest, singing over his grave the Christian's "Good Night,"—

Sleep on, beloved ; sleep and take thy rest ;  
Lay down thy head upon thy SAVIOUR'S breast ;  
We love thee well, but JESUS loves thee best.

Good night ! Good night ! Good night !

Until the Easter glory lights the skies,  
Until the dead in JESUS CHRIST arise,  
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise.

Good night.

There we left the body, sleeping in joyful hope of the resurrection, "till the day dawn and the shadows flee away."

\* \* \* \* \*

I remain, dear Mr. Broomhall,

With Christian love, yours sincerely,

H. WEBBER.

IT is not a little remarkable that one who had to do with Mr. Stott's going out to China in 1865, who had been his faithful friend and correspondent all through his missionary life, should be residing at the place of his death, and have the opportunity, at his grave-side, to bear testimony



such as, from fulness of knowledge, but few others could bear, to the faithful service of his life; but this was Mr. Berger's privilege, and that which was the peculiar privilege of the living was the special and deserved honour of our departed brother.

A LADY who had spent the winter at the Asile, and had thus become acquainted with Mr. Stott, writes :—

Asile Evangelique,

Route de Grasse, Cannes.

*April 25th 1889.*

DEAR SIR,

As one who has had the privilege of spending this winter with Mr. Stott at the Asile, I feel I should like to send a few lines, to tell you how bright a memory he has left behind with us, of faith and patience, and cheerful acquiescence in GOD'S will—indeed, that will was evidently his delight, whether it meant doing or suffering. When speaking about plans for the future, soon after he came, he said, "if it were the LORD'S will, he would like either China or heaven." We were struck with the way in which he entered into and enjoyed everything, notwithstanding his weary nights—always spent sitting up in his chair; and his graphic descriptions of his life and work in China (work so dear to him) were an unfailing source of interest. He was quite the life of our little party here, until extreme weakness and suffering made speaking too great a fatigue. I was prevented by illness from intercourse with him for some little time, and when able to see him again, found a great change for the worse had taken place. Dropsy had then set in, and after a consultation, the doctors gave no prospect of recovery, or of being able to return to China. He took this decision calmly and cheerfully, comforting his

dear wife with "Never mind, dear ; nothing can really hurt us, you know." One day when I spoke of the discomfort his swollen leg must cause him, he said, " Oh, it is all quite right ; my mind is kept continually in peace, night and day, and as far as I know myself, I can say I am ready at any moment the LORD shall call me." Several weeks of great suffering and weakness followed, borne with such Christian courage and patience as we can never forget. Sick people in the house were enabled to bear their burdens more cheerfully on hearing of him, and servants and all who had to do with him spoke of the wonderful way in which he bore his illness. There was not an approach to a murmur in the most painful moments, and always a word of welcome to those who entered his room. His gratitude for the least service or attention was very touching. He was loved by all. The Friday before his death I went in to see him for a few minutes. He said, "I am getting very near the kingdom now," and then, as I took leave of him, "God bless you ! Perhaps the next time we meet will be in glory." The following evening we knew that the last struggle had begun, but even during that suffering night he was full of praise to GOD, and was able to rise, in a remarkable way, above the bodily distress. "It is only the poor body that suffers," he said to those who were watching ; "my mind is full of peace and joy." Almost his last breath was spent in praising GOD. He asked to be raised up a little in his chair, saying, "I want to sound one more note of praise," and then began, "Bless the LORD, O my soul," and shortly afterwards he said, "Coming, coming, come," and fell asleep in JESUS.

It seemed, that Sunday morning, as if the gates of the heavenly city had been thrown open so wide to receive him that we, too, had a foretaste of its peace and joy. We sorrow with dear Mrs. Stott in her great loss, and pray that the LORD may be very near her in her loneliness, and that He will strengthen her to carry on the work for Him in China, which she loves so well, for the "little while" until they meet again in His presence. For us,

amongst whom they have been this winter, their sojourn will be a precious remembrance of God's power to sustain, strengthen, and cheer in the time of trial.

Believe me, dear sir, Yours sincerely,

ELEANOR H. MOOR.

FOR six months, shortly after his return to England, Mr. Stott was most kindly entertained by three sisters at their delightful home near Dartmouth. On hearing of his departure one of them wrote a letter from which the following is an extract:—

It is so blessed to think of our dear friend at rest. What a "resurrection morning" it must have been for him, but one feels a great blank left, he endeared himself to all who knew him, by his patient, bright spirit. . . . . You will, I know, feel much the loss of dear Mr. Stott from your Mission; he was such a faithful and earnest worker, and has been one with you from the earliest days of the Mission. We feel so thankful to the LORD for giving us the honour of having him under our roof. He was such an example of real childlike faith, and so happy. . . . .

With the letter the following was also sent:—

WE desire to add our testimony to that of many others in bearing witness to the blessed influence he had over those among whom he stayed during the past eighteen months since his return to England. Days and nights of weariness and suffering were appointed to him, and although for nearly two years he has been unable, owing to the difficulty of breathing, to lie down and take a night's rest, yet his bright spirit and childlike confidence



in all the will of GOD concerning him seem never to have been clouded for a moment. His heart's desire was to return to the people among whom he laboured for more than twenty years, and greatly will he be missed by those dear native Christians to so many of whom he was made the honoured instrument in leading them to the SAVIOUR. He has now been called to "rest from his labours," but we may truly say "his works do follow him," for the little church in the far-off heathen land, which, through GOD's blessing, is the result of years of patient toil and tested faith, stands as a living witness to the grace and love of GOD in using "a poor weak instrument" (as he himself would often say) to His glory. It was at about the age of eighteen that, owing to an accident, he was obliged to undergo the amputation of one leg, and soon after this time of affliction he was led to rejoice in JESUS as his SAVIOUR. He then gave himself to the LORD for service, and was one of the first who went out with the China Inland Mission, to live among the people for whom he has since laboured so earnestly. His testimony to the end has been very bright, for though suffering and extreme weakness have increased day by day, his spirit has been rejoicing in his SAVIOUR, and his soul full of trust.

"Faint, yet pursuing," was the message he sent, not many days since, to some friends, and again, only four days ago, he said, "I cannot speak, cannot sing, cannot pray, can hardly think, but JESUS is my all in all."

And now the race is run, and he has heard the welcome call, "Enter thou into the joy of thy LORD." In closing we would add a verse of one of his favourite hymns as being so appropriate to his last moments :—

For me be it CHRIST, be it CHRIST hence to live.  
 If Jordan above me shall roll,  
 No pang shall be mine, for in death, as in life,  
 Thou wilt whisper Thy peace to my soul—  
 "It is well, it is well with my soul."

We would again ask prayer for his dear widow, that, now the long strain is over, she may not break down in health, and that the LORD may comfort and sustain her, and guide her steps in the future.

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AND yet another testimony must be given, for it comes from one whose kindness ought to be mentioned as an example for the imitation of others.

When Mr. Stott first returned from China, eleven years ago, we well remember the delight with which we listened, as on one of the first evenings after his return, if not the very first, he told how one friend, whom he had never seen, had for about nine years written to him a long and interesting letter nearly every month.

Those letters, which were carefully treasured, were often accompanied by an illustrated paper, or something else of interest. One could not wonder at Mr. Stott's eagerness to see this friend. How many there are who could cheer the heart and strengthen the hands of some lonely worker in some obscure corner of the mission field by a similar service, and the kindness thus rendered would, as in the case before us, be repaid in rich blessing to themselves. The cup of cold water thus given would in no wise lose its reward.

How this correspondence came about, Mr. John Freeman Allen, the friend referred to, explains in the following letter :—

MY DEAR MR. BROOMHALL,

My acquaintance with our dear departed friend, Mr. Stott, began in, I think, the year 1868. My brother-in-law had convened at his house a meeting of friends who were interested in foreign missionary work. There was a good attendance, and it was agreed that each one present should put themselves in communication with some labourer in the foreign field, and that, later on, another meeting should be held when replies received should be read. I cannot help thinking such a plan, if more often adopted, would be the means, not only of bringing refreshment to our fellow-labourers in the regions beyond, but would also enable those at home more definitely and intelligently to remember them at the throne of grace.

I was unable to attend the meeting to which I refer until just at the close, when I found that the name of "Mr. George Stott, of Wun-chau," whom I had never seen and whose name, in connection with the newly-formed C.I.M., I barely knew, was allotted to me. I at once wrote, and was very gratified in due course to receive an appreciative reply. I regret that a second meeting was never held, and, so far as I know, none present at the first continued their correspondence. But Mr. Stott and I regularly wrote to each other for nine years, when it was my privilege personally to become acquainted with him and Mrs. Stott on their visit to England. The correspondence continued without interruption ever after, and it was a great pleasure to receive them into our home although he was in such a weak state, when they arrived from China *via* U.S.A., eighteen months ago.

I cannot tell you the blessing that this long friendship has been to me ; and the pleasure of the service, which many might easily undertake and *maintain*, is one that I would willingly commend to others. The insight which dear Mr. Stott's letters have given me into his patient self-denying labours (which, by God's blessing, have been



attended with so much success) have taught me many lessons which I trust never to forget, and my earnest desire for myself and all who have known and loved him is that we may by grace be enabled to follow him as he followed Christ (1 Cor. ii. 1). Our sorrow is not without hope, and the thought of our own loss is outweighed by the contemplation of his great gain, who has now been called to enter into the joy of His LORD. . . .

Believe me,

My dear Mr. Broomhall,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN F. ALLEN.

BY the death of Mr. George Stott, the CHINA INLAND MISSION loses one of its oldest and most successful missionaries.

Mr. Stott went to China in 1865. After some time spent at Ning-po and K'ing-p'u, he went, in November, 1867, to Wun-chau, accompanied by a native helper. At this place he spent the next twenty years of his life, with the exception of the time he was absent on a visit home.

The following extracts from his early letters from Wun-chau are of much interest, especially when read in the light of subsequent experience.

Wun-chau Fu.

*February 26th, 1868.*

I SHALL begin a few lines for you to-night, but they will be few; for my head aches, and my eyes will hardly keep open. The labours of another day, I hope, are over, and certainly some hundreds have heard the doctrine of salvation by JESUS CHRIST since nine o'clock this morning.

We have about twenty boys now in our school, and there would be many more but for wicked reports circulated in the city, and posted up in public places in handbills. I shall give you a translation of one of these documents ; it may give you some idea of the respect we and our message receive in strange places. In spite of hot opposition, we are gaining ground by degrees, but as yet we have nothing to boast of.

Some days ago I was struck rather suddenly by a slight fever, and was obliged to go to bed ; and, just as I had got in, a friendly native came and told us of a plot got up against us in the city by a party of men who were to collect in the city temple, and thence march upon us. I confess it was hardly the kind of medicine I thought I was in want of ; but, however bitter, I was obliged to take it. I did take it, and then took it to GOD, and again laid myself and all that concerned me for time and eternity on Him. He has never failed me yet, and I have been compelled to trust Him often since I first knew Him.

There are many things I could write about, but it might be premature to advance any opinion yet as to our prospects, as we are only in our babyhood. . . . .

I am waiting on GOD, if it please Him to spare me, that I may be the means of instructing and sending out a number of young natives, who will understand their countrymen's feelings as a foreigner scarcely can. We have only to open our eyes, and see that the work done in China is not by the foreigner alone, but by the native evangelists also.

#### Extracts from the handbills referred to :—

BUT regarding this foreigner, Stott, Cheh-kiang and Foh-kien are written on his passport. He may travel in his provinces, but he is not permitted secretly to do any business. Why does he deceive the people into renting him houses ?—he says he is to preach about a religion.

He has opened a charity school, to deceive boys, and secretly poison them. Such amazing wickedness and deceitful talk is, in comparison with the White Water-lily religion, still more despicable. Therefore, fellow-citizens, with united effort drive him out; don't suffer him to dwell. . . . .

Fellow-brethren, with one heart and mind drive him out, pull down his house, even one piece of timber don't allow to stand up. So that the place may have good luck—the people also may have good luck—because of this information.

The whole city gives consent.

Wun-chau Fu.

*April 13th, 1868.*

IN the school there are thirty-two boys; five of them I have in the house with me, and three more are bespoken—some fine boys amongst them. As to the development of truth, we have some encouragement in that direction also. Our landlord (a man about forty years of age—one of the hardest reasoning Chinamen I have met, except Nyi Sin-sang), for the first time, this morning engaged in prayer of his own free will; his prayer was, as far as words were concerned, poor enough; but when he rose from his knees his eyes were full of tears. I wish you could have seen and heard him; he looked me full in the face and said, "Ah, Dzao Sin-sang (my Chinese name), I cannot speak; but it is necessary that I should, for I cannot contain myself!" The trouble and anxiety that man has given me are more than I could tell: every inch of truth had to be argued with him, and hundreds of the most absurd things imaginable had to be proved false on real ground before he would give way. I trust the power of the Gospel has reached him now. For some weeks past he has been as docile as he was before intractable; for a week I disputed with him about the resurrection, and would have been glad if he would have been only quiet, but he would not cease.



Wun-chau.

*March 8th, 1869.*

YESTERDAY was the Sabbath, and it was to me one of the best I have had in China. I had four services, and by the time they were over I wanted relief. In the morning I have family prayer, more especially for the boys; forenoon service—exposition of the Scriptures and preaching the Word; in the afternoon I generally take the interrogatory way, and put questions to all, according to their several ability; the evening service has the form of a Bible-class, and last night the house was fairly full. I think I never felt so able to give a clear statement of the fall of man, of his sinful nature, and of redemption through CHRIST.

Several strangers were present, and two of them became very excited at my description of the folly of idol-worship. One clapped his hands, and could hardly be persuaded to keep his seat; the other cried out, "The foreign teacher knows more than Buddha." But such delight in the truth does not mean much in China at first; I find that it takes some time for their minds to become steady and regulated, and when a spark of light gets in, it seems only to make the darkness more dark. . . . I have now four who understand a good deal of the truth, and take much interest in it, leading many here to hear it; and they seem to live up to their knowledge, having thrown away their idols some months ago.

THESE brief extracts from letters written in his early days at Wun-chau are all we can now give. The hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the encouragements and disappointments of succeeding years must be left unnoticed; but that the labours of about twenty years at Wun-chau were

not in vain, is shown from the published statistics of the CHINA INLAND MISSION for January, 1888. From these it appears that at Wun-chau, and station and out-stations in connection, there were 255 communicants in fellowship, and that the number baptised from the commencement was 349.

Mr. Stott had native helpers, and, during a portion of the time, fellow European labourers, but the results of the work at Wun-chau are without doubt chiefly owing to the blessing of God upon the faithful labours of our brother and his devoted wife.

He now rests from his labours, but from that far-off corner of the great harvest-field not a few, brought out of darkness into light through his instrumentality, will be the crown of his rejoicing in that day. We say this not to extol the instrument, but to glorify the grace of GOD in him. He is beyond the reach of human praise or blame—his record is on high.

The loving-kindness of the LORD was manifest in surrounding His servant during his lengthened illness with many kind friends who delighted to do all they could for his comfort. Nor was Mrs. Stott left without evidence of the goodness of God. On Saturday, April 20th, she wrote :—

NEARLY all our friends will be leaving next week. The dear Bradys, who have been so kind, leave on the 29th ; I shall miss them much. . . . Still, I do not fear, the LORD is a *stronghold*, and very near, up-

holding me in this time of sore trial. I shall hope to find some one journeying to England when the time comes.

The time came sooner than she expected, for the next morning her beloved husband entered into rest, and "on the 29th," instead of missing some who had been so kind, she left Cannes with them. Thus was found for her friends "journeying to England when the time came."

May the God of her husband, her own God, guide and comfort and bless her till the day dawns and the shadows flee away in the joy of eternal reunion.

B. BROOMHALL.

2, Pyrland Road,

*May 4th, 1889.*

IN the year 1881 Miss Maria Havergal, in a letter to the writer, enclosed a little book, "Most Blessed for Ever," and called attention to the chapter in it, "Not One Shadow of Fear," as something written by her sister which had not been published before. We know nothing that expresses so directly and so simply just what one would like to say to a bereaved friend as Miss Havergal's beautiful words in this little book, on the passage, "Thou hast made him most blessed for ever: Thou hast made him exceedingly glad with Thy countenance"! (Psalm xxi. 6). Thinking that, in the near approach of the end, the chapter "Not One Shadow of Fear" might be a word in season to Mr. Stott, we sent a copy.



Mrs. Stott says :—

I read it over once, and he said, "Read it again, for that is just what I feel." After reading it a second time, he said, "Is it not strange, dear, that poor unworthy me should have the same experience as that dear saint of GOD, so far above me in spiritual things, and yet I can say, 'Not one shadow of fear'?"

We give this chapter below, and warmly commend the little book, "MOST BLESSED FOR EVER," which is published by Messrs. Nisbet and Co., price one penny.

B. B.

### "Not One Shadow of Fear."

*From Miss Frances Ridley Havergal's MS. in answer to a remark, "That death which we ALL dread."*

NO, not "All!" One who has seen and accepted God's way of salvation does *not* dread death. Perhaps I shall best express myself by doing it very personally—just giving my own experience.

I do *not* fear death. Often I wake in the night and think of it, look forward to it with a thrill of joyful expectation and anticipation, which would become impatience were it not that JESUS is my MASTER, as well as my SAVIOUR, and I feel I have work to do for Him that I would not shirk, and also that His time to call me home will be the best and right time, and therefore I am content to wait.

One night I was conscious of certain symptoms preluding an all but fatal attack of erysipelas I had once before on the brain.

I knew, if means failed, it was probably my last night on earth. I let my mother attend to me, but alarmed no one, and I was left alone in bed.

Then, alone in the dark, I felt it might be my last conscious hour on earth, and that either sleep or fatal unconsciousness would set in. I never spent a calmer, sweeter hour than that. I had not one shadow of fear! only happy rest and confidence in Him, "whom I have believed."

Was this delusion? Could it be so in the very face of death, that great *un-masker* of all uncertainties? I knew it was not (delusion), for again, "I know whom I have believed."

Now, *how* has this come to be with me, for it was not always thus; and I know as well as any one what it is to "dread death," and to put away the thought of its absolute certainty, because I dare not look it in the face.

There was a time when I saw clearly I could *not* save myself—that I deserved hell. In many ways, but in one most of all, this—that I owed the whole love of my heart to GOD, and had not given it to Him; that JESUS had so loved me as to die for me, and yet I, unmindful of it, had treated Him with daily, hourly practical ingratitude. I had broken the first commandment, and as I owed all my life, future and past, to God, I had literally "nothing to pay;" for living to Him, and keeping His commands for the future, would not atone for the past. I saw the sinfulness of my heart and life. I could not make my heart better. "The soul that sinneth it shall die." So, unless sin *is* taken away, my soul must die and go to hell; anyhow I must "stand before the judgment-seat of CHRIST."

Where, then, was my Hope? In the same Word of God, 1 John v. 10, it is written, "He that believeth on the SON, hath the witness in himself," and John iii. 36; "He that believeth on

the SON hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the SON shall not see life; but the wrath of GOD abideth on him."

Believe what? "Whom GOD hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood," Rom. iii. 25. He must keep His word and punish sin, and He has punished it in the person of JESUS, our Substitute, "who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree," I Pet. ii. 24.

Thus being "just," and having set forth JESUS as the propitiation for sin—if JESUS has paid my debt and borne the punishment of my sins, I only simply accept this, and believe Him, and it is all a true and real transaction. It is no theorising, but acting. I did it—I believed it, and cast myself, utterly hopeless and helpless and lost in myself, at the feet of JESUS, and took Him at His word, and accepted what He had done for me.

Result?—joy, peace in believing, and a happy full trust in Him, which death cannot touch. Now it is a reality of realities to me—it is so intertwined with my life, that I know nothing could separate me from His love.

I could not do without JESUS. I cannot and I do not live without Him. It is a new and different life, and the life and light which takes away all fear of death is what I want others to have and enjoy.

I can say that such a light has shone upon all the dark bits of my life, that even if I was in heaven itself, I could not more clearly see why I was so led—that all the training was needed. And nothing tries me now; things that would so have disappointed me do not now. Even when I



am suffering severe pain I would not have it otherwise. And then in daily life, daily temptations, I find a victory in JESUS against sin, without any struggle.

And what was trial to me—keen scathings, blightings—is all taken from me, lifted out of me. It is really miraculous, I cannot say HOW; certainly it was not my own strength, but things that were such agony and bitterness—it is all gone. All was needed—and all that might have been a cloud between me and this full sunshine is taken away. Now it is utter calm and quietness, a realisation constantly that—

Life is a gift to use for Thee,  
Death is a hushed and glorious tryst  
With Thee, my King, my SAVIOUR, CHRIST!

F. R. H.

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IN a letter to a friend, dated February 11th, the last, it is believed, that Mr. Stott wrote, he told that the last medical examination left hardly any hope of his restoration to health, and added,

“BUT that does not put me about at all, only human nature shrinks from long and severe suffering; but He who has cared for us in the past will not leave us to our own resources in the future, and if trial and suffering are to be met with we can count on the dear loving Saviour being present all the time. . . . . I do not think the climate of Cannes is doing me any good, but we do not know what to do or where to go to be better. About the middle of next month we hope to go and try Switzerland for a time, but I fancy no climate will really do me good, but the climate of His own blessed presence at the Father's right hand.”

SINCE the foregoing was in type the following from Mr. Campbell White has been received, which we gladly add:—

Crosslet, Dumbartonshire.

*May 15th.*

DEAR MR. BROOMHALL,

. . . . In July last year Mrs. White and I were spending a week at Nairn, and had there the pleasure of meeting dear Mr. and Mrs. Stott for the first time. They were accompanying Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia, and Dr. Gordon, of Boston, in the remarkable missionary tour which they made through Scotland.

Mr. Stott was then very feeble, and so evidently needed rest that we gladly asked them to spend a little time with us here. Their visit seemed to do him good, as the weather was very fine, and he enjoyed the quiet and sunshine of the country; to us it brought both pleasure and profit. We were much impressed with his unfailing patient cheerfulness while suffering much from pain and discomfort, and Mr. and Mrs. Stott soon endeared themselves to all in the house.

After leaving us they went to the South of England, and then to Cannes, which was to be the end of his earthly journey.

We spent a few weeks at Mentone in March, and gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity to go over to Cannes to see our friends. We had been told of his increasing weakness, and scarcely hoped he would be able to see us.

Reaching the sunny and picturesque Asile Evangelique where they were staying, Mrs. Stott asked us to come up at once, and see the dear sufferer. He was sitting propped up in a large arm-chair, and we saw at once what rapid progress the disease had made.

His face was a picture of rest and contentment, and amid pain, oppression, and great weakness, he seemed a living illustration of Paul's words, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."

As my wife sat holding one of his poor swollen hands, he lifted it up, and looking at it, said, "You see, I am getting ready for the presence of the King." The thought of so soon seeing the King seemed to fill his whole being with joy.

When he was trying to tell us how wonderfully God had led him from the time of his remarkable conversion at the age of nineteen, his dear wife said, "Won't you let me tell them, for your strength won't allow you?" he so gently acquiesced, though it was a joy to him to tell of the lovingkindness of the LORD.

Asking him if he ever longed to go back to China, he held up one of his hands, and said, so quietly, "Mrs. White, so far as I know my own heart, if the bending of that poor dropsical finger would take me back there, while it was God's will that I should not go, nothing would make me bend it," but he added, so humbly, "Remember, I say, so far as I know my own heart, for these hearts of ours are deceitful." After talking a little of the MASTER, we feared to fatigue him, and after a few words of prayer we bid him good-bye, sorrowing that we would see his face no more on earth. "Good-bye," he said; "I'll be at the top of the stairs, watching for you both, as you come up to the golden gate;" and so we left him, waiting for the MASTER'S call, which came nearly four weeks later.

We felt it a great privilege to be on heaven's borderland, beside this dear child of God; and as we passed out into the beauty of the spring sunshine we thanked God that we had been allowed to see in His servant the beauty of holiness—to stand, as it were, on holy ground, and witness the reality of the presence and power of Him, whom not having seen, our brother and we had learned to love.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

J. C. WHITE.



O Death, where is thy Sting?

“I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the LORD from henceforth : Yea, saith the SPIRIT, that they may rest from their labours ; and their works do follow them.”—*Rev. xiv. 13.*

O Grave, where is thy Victory?

*When shall I come and appear before God ?*

Psalm xlii. 2.

- 1 SWEET place ; sweet place alone !  
     The court of GOD most high,  
     The heaven of heavens, the throne  
     Of spotless majesty !  
     O happy place ! When shall I be,  
     My GOD, with Thee, to see Thy face ?
  
- 2 The stranger homeward bends,  
     And sigheth for his rest :  
     Heaven is my home, my friends  
     Lodge there in Abraham's breast.  
     O happy place ! When shall I be,  
     My GOD, with Thee, to see Thy face ?
  
- 3 Earth's but a sorry tent,  
     Pitched but a few frail days,  
     A short-leased tenement ;  
     Heaven's still my song, my praise.  
     O happy place ! When shall I be,  
     My GOD, with Thee, to see Thy face ?
  
- 4 No tears from any eyes  
     Drop in that holy choir :  
     But death itself there dies,  
     And sighs themselves expire.  
     O happy place ! When shall I be,  
     My GOD, with Thee, to see Thy face ?
  
- 5 There should temptations cease,  
     My frailties there should end,  
     There should I rest in peace  
     In the arms of my best friend.  
     O happy place ! When shall I be,  
     My GOD, with Thee, to see Thy face ?

S. CROSSMAN.

*Copy of Memorial Card.*

In Loving Memory of

**GEORGE STOTT**

*(Of the China Inland Mission),*

Born December 8th, 1835 ; fell asleep at Cannes,  
April 21st, 1889.

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"I thank my GOD upon every remembrance  
of you."

PHIL. i. 3.

CHINA INLAND MISSION, 2, Pyrland Road, London, N.

Six Copies for 1s., post free.